The WEEKLY REGISTER: OR, UNIVERSAL JOURNAL.

LONDON, SATURDAY, April 19, 1735. NUMB. CCLXIX.

Concluſion of the Criticiſm on the Tragedy of All for Love, *or* The World well loſt.

Enter Charmion *and* Iras.

Char. WHAT muſt be done?
Cleo. Short Ceremony, Friends;
But yet it muſt be decent. Firſt, this Laurel
Shall crown my Hero's Head: He fell not baſely,
Nor left his Shield behind him. Only thou
Could'ſt triumph o'er thyſelf; and thou alone
Wert worthy ſo to triumph.
Char. To what End
Theſe Enſigns of your Pomp and Royalty?
Cleo. Dull, that thou art! why, 'tis to meet my Love;
As when I ſaw him firſt, on *Cydnos'* Bank,
All ſparkling, like a Goddeſs; ſo adorn'd,
I'll find him once again: My ſecond Spouſals
Shall match my firſt, in Glory. Haſte, haſte, both,
And dreſs the Bride of *Antony*.
Char. 'Tis done.
Cleo. Now ſeat me by my Lord. I claim this Place;
For I muſt conquer *Cæſar* too, like him,
And win my Share o'th' World. Hail, you dear Relicks
Of my immortal Love!
O let no impious Hand remove you hence;
But reſt for ever here: Let *Ægypt* give
His Death that Peace, which it deny'd his Life.
Reach me the Baſket.
Iras. Underneath the Fruit the Aſpick lies.
Cleo. Welcome, thou kind Deceiver!
[*Putting aſide the Leaves.*
Thou beſt of Thieves; who, with an eaſy Key,
Doſt open Life, and unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n ſteal us from ourſelves: Diſcharging ſo
Death's dreadful Office, better than himſelf,
Touching our Limbs ſo gently into Slumber,
That Death ſtands by, deceiv'd by his own Image,
And thinks himſelf but Sleep.
Seraph. The Queen, where is ſhe? [*Within.*
The Town is yielded, *Cæſar's* at the Gates.
Cleo. He comes too late t' invade the Rights of Death.
Haſte, bate my Arm and rouze the Serpent's Fury.
[*Holds out her Arm, and draws it back.*
Coward Fleſh ——
Wou'dſt thou conſpire with *Cæſar*, to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to't,
And not be ſent by him,
But bring myſelf, my Soul to *Antony*.
[*Turns aſide, and then ſhows her Arm bloody.*
Take hence; the Work is done.
Seraph. Break ope the Door, [*Within.*
And guard the Traitor well.
Char. The next is ours.
Iras. Now, *Charmion*, to be worthy
Of our great Queen and Miſtreſs.
[*They apply the Aſpicks.*
Cleo. Already, Death, I feel thee in my Veins;
I go with ſuch a Will to find my Lord,
That we ſhall quickly meet.
A heavy Numneſs creeps through every Limb,
And now 'tis at my Head: My Eye-lids fall,
And my dear Love is vaniſh'd in a Miſt.
Where ſhall I find him, where? O turn me to him,
And lay me on his Breaſt —— *Cæſar*, thy worſt;
Now part us if thou canſt. [*Dies.*

Upon the Whole, I think this is the beſt Play that has been writ on the Subject, tho' I think the Characters of *Antony* and *Cleopatra* as drawn by *Shakeſpear* are more maſterly than theſe, and his *Eonobarbus* greatly to be preferr'd to *Dryden's Ventidius*. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in his *Falſe One* has rais'd their *Cleopatra* almoſt equal to *Shakeſpear's*, and 'tis greatly Mr. *Cibber's* Misfortune, that he has preſum'd to preſs into the Company of ſuch great and celebrated Maſters, his Superiors.

I SHALL beg Leave to entertain my Readers with one Sketch more of another Play of *Maſſinger's*: Like all the other old Plays 'tis very far from being perfect either in Tale, Characters, or Decorum; but has ſuch beautiful Starts of Genius and Knowledge intermingled with it, that I am perſuaded a few Extracts will not be void of Amuſement or Information.—— I need not give any farther Account of the Tale in general, but that it greatly reſembles that very famous one of *Herod* and *Mariamne*. *Sforza* the Duke of *Millain* is drawn as raſh, uxorious, and jealous, and *Marcelia* his Wife as beautiful, proud, and reſentful: *Sforza* diſobliges the Emperor *Charles* V. as *Herod* had done *Octavius*, and was oblig'd to pay his Compliments in Perſon to make his Peace. During his Abſence, he leaves the ſame Charge with *Franciſco*, his Favourite, to cut off his Wife that *Herod* did, and *Marcelia* diſcovers it, in the ſame Manner with *Mariamne*; ſome other Circumſtances are different, and the modern Play of that Name is more uniform and conſiſtent than this, but, in my Opinion, has not ſo many fine, independent Paſſages, as may appear by the following Quotations.

Sforza, Marcelia, &c. at a Banquet.

Sfo. YOU are the Miſtreſs of the Feaſt, ſit here,
O my Soul's Comfort: And when *Sforza* bows
Thus low to do you Honour, let none think
The meaneſt Service they can pay my Love,
But as a fair Addition to thoſe Titles,
They ſtand poſſeſt of: Let me glory in
My Happineſs, and mighty Kings look pale
With Envy, while I triumph in mine own.
O Mother look on her, Siſter admire her:
And ſince this preſent Age yields not a Woman
Worthy to be her ſecond, borrow of
Times paſt: And let Imagination help
Of thoſe canoniz'd Ladies *Sparta* boaſts of.
And, in her Greatneſs, *Rome* was proud to owe
To Faſhion: And yet ſtill you muſt confeſs,
The *Phœnix* of Perfection ne'er was ſeen,
But in my fair *Marcella*.
Fra. She's indeed
The Wonder of all Times.
Tib. Your Excellence
(Though I confeſs you give her but her own)
Enforces her Modeſty to the Defence
Of a ſweet Bluſh.
Sfo. It need not, my *Marcelia*;
When I moſt ſtrive to praiſe thee, I appear
A poor Detracter: For thou art indeed
So perfect both in Body and in Mind,
That, but to ſpeak the leaſt Part to the Height,
Would aſk an Angel's Tongue: And yet then end
In ſilent Admiration.
Iſab. You ſtill court her,
As if ſhe were a Miſtreſs, not your Wife.
Sfo. A Miſtreſs, Mother? ſhe is more to me,
And every Day deſerves more to be ſu'd to.
Such as are cloy'd with thoſe they have embrac'd,
May think their wooing done: No Night to me,
But is a bridal one, where *Hymen* lights
His Torches freſh and new; and thoſe Delights,
Which are not to be cloath'd in airy Sounds,
Enjoy'd, beget Riches, as full of Heat,
And jovial Fervour, as when firſt I taſted
Her Virgin Fruit; bleſt Night, and be it numbred
Amongſt thoſe happy ones, in which a Bleſſing
Was by the full Content of all the Stars
Conferr'd upon Mankind.

On the News of the Defeat of *Francis* the firſt by the Emperor, his Joy turns into Jealouſy, and breaks out in a very pathetick Manner.

Sfo. All leave the Room;
I'll bear alone the Burden of my Grief,
And muſt admit no Partner. I am yet
Your Prince, where's your Obedience? Stay *Marcelia*
I cannot be ſo greedy of a Sorrow,
In which you muſt not ſhare.
Marc. And chearfully
I will ſuſtain my Part. Why look you pale?
Where is that wonted Conſtancy and Courage,
That dar'd the worſt of Fortune? Where is *Sforza*?
To whom all Dangers that fright common Men,
Appear'd but panick Terrors? Why do you eye me
With ſuch fix'd Looks? Love, Counſel, Duty, Service,
May flow from me, not Danger.
Sfo. O *Marcelia!*
It is for thee I fear; for myſelf, unmov'd;
I could have heard my Troops were cut in Pieces,
My General ſlain; and he, on whom my Hopes
Of Rule, of State, of Life, had their Dependency;
The King of *France*, my greateſt Friend, made Priſoner
To ſo proud Enemies.
Marc. Then you have juſt Cauſe
To ſhew you are a Man.
Sfo. All this were nothing,
Tho' I add to it, that I am aſſur'd
For giving Aid to this unfortunate King,
The Emperor incens'd, lays his Command
On his victorious Army, fleſh'd with Spoil,
And bold of Conqueſt, to march up againſt me,
And ſeize on my Eſtates: Suppoſe that done too,
The City tak'n, the Kennels running Blood,
The ranſack'd Temples, falling on their Saints:
My Mother, in my Sight, toſt on their Pikes,
And Siſter raviſh'd: And myſelf bound faſt
In Chains, to grace their Triumph: Or what elſe,
An Enemy's Inſolence could load me with,
I would be *Sforza* ſtill; but when I think
That my *Marcelia* (to whom all theſe
Are but as Atomes to the greateſt Hill)
Muſt ſuffer in my Cauſe: And for me ſuffer
All earthly Torments; nay, even thoſe the damn'd
Howl for in Hell, are gentle Strokes, compar'd
To what I feel *Marcelia*.
Marc. Good Sir, have Patience:
I can as well partake your adverſe Fortune,
As I thus long have had an ample Share,
In your Proſperity. 'Tis not in the Power
Of Fate to alter me: For while I am,
In ſpight of't, I am yours.
Sfo. But ſhould that will
To be ſo forc'd *Marcelia*? And I live
To ſee thoſe Eyes I prize above mine own,
Dart Favours (tho' compell'd) upon another?
Or thoſe ſweet Lips (yielding immortal Nectar)
Be gently touch'd by any but myſelf?
Think, think *Marcelia*, what a curſed Thing
I were, beyond Expreſſion.
Marc. Do not feed
Thoſe jealous Thoughts; the only Bleſſing that
Heaven hath beſtow'd on us, more than on Beaſts,
Is, that 'tis in our Pleaſure when to die.
Beſides, were I now in another's Power,
There are ſo many Ways to let out Life,
I would not live, for one ſhort Minute his;
I was born only yours, and I will die ſo.
Sfo. Angels reward the Goodneſs of this Woman:
All I can pay is nothing.

[*To be continued.*]

SATURDAY, *April* 12.

YESTERDAY being the Anniverſary of the Coronation of their late Majeſties King *William* and Queen *Mary* of glorious and immortal Memory, as alſo the Day whereon the late Exciſe Project was overthrown, great Rejoicings was made on theſe Occaſions: In the City ſeveral ſelect Companies of Gentlemen and worthy Merchants celebrated the Day with Decency and good Or-

[Price THREE HALF-PENCE.]

N. B. *Advertiſements, of a reaſonable Length, are put in this Paper at Two Shillings and Six-Pence each.*

der: But betwixt Ten and Eleven o'Clock a Tumult aroſe, and ſeveral Windows in *Cheapſide*, St. *Paul's Church-Yard*, &c. were broke by Stones, Sticks, *&c.* for not putting out Lights, eſpecially thoſe of Sir *William Billers*. Theſe violent Methods are by no Means to be approv'd of, and riotous Aſſemblies ought to be diſcouraged by all Parties.

On Wedneſday laſt the Duke of *Bridgwater*'s Cheſnut Mare ran at *Newmarket* againſt the Earl of *Portmore*'s *Ebony* for 200 Guineas; *Ebony* beat.

On Thurſday four Horſes ſtarted for the King's Plate, carrying 12 Stone 12 Miles, Capt. *Appleyard*'s Horſe won the Plate.

The late Earl of *Derwentwater*'s Eſtate of 6000*l. per Ann.* will be ſold for the Uſe of the Publick, which at 20 Years Purchaſe, amounts to 120,000*l.* and as much as wanted of that Sum, will be applied to finiſh that noble Charity, the Hoſpital at *Greenwich*.

Yeſterday the three Malefactors, who were brought from *Kingston* to the New Gaol in *Southwark*, in order to their being executed at *Kennington-Common*, were detain'd till about One o'Clock, the new Gallows not being finiſh'd; ſo that they were not executed till about Four o'Clock in the Afternoon: The Beams of the Gallows were ſo high, that the poor Fellows were forced to ſtand upon the Copſe of the Cart, before it drew away, for want of a ſufficient Length of Rope.

We hear from *Bewdley* in *Yorkſhire*, that on the 2d Inſtant a Rider for a *London* Tradeſman coming over the *Moor* about 16 Miles from thence, and hearing two Piſtols diſcharg'd look'd behind, and at a little Diſtance ſaw two Men on Horſeback and one on Foot (as he thought) fighting; but before he could get to them two more Piſtols were fir'd, by one of the Horſemen, at the Man on Foot, who had pulled the other Horſeman to the Ground, but was kill'd by the laſt Shot; upon which the Horſeman remounted, and firing a Piſtol at the Perſon who was coming up, they both rode off on the Spur. The Man who was kill'd had his Horſe dead by him, which was of a Sorrel Colour, ſuppos'd to be kill'd by the firſt Shot. He ſeem'd to be a Gentleman, had on light-colour'd Cloaths, his own Hair, which was light brown, long and curl'd, of a fair Complexion, and betwixt 30 and 40 Years of Age: He had nothing in his Pockets that could diſcover certainly who he was or whence he came; his Letter-Caſe was of black Leather with a Silver Lock, in which were ſeveral Mathematical Papers, and a Receipt for an Eye-water, in a very neat little Hand, on the Back of which was written in a large Hand, for *Patience Rhodes*. Whilſt the Tradeſman was looking over theſe Papers, the two Highwaymen return'd, and, with their Piſtols cock'd and bitter Imprecations, bid him deliver without Reſiſtance, or he ſhould follow that obſtinate Fool that lay at his Feet; upon which they bound him Hand and Foot, turn'd his Horſe looſe, and having robbed him of all he had, and done the ſame by the Corpſe, left him, where he was releaſed in the Morning by a Shepherd.

MONDAY, *April* 14.

On Saturday laſt at *Newmarket* ſeven Mares ſtarted for the King's Plate, for five Years old Mares; the Odds were 6 to 4 for Lord *Portmore*'s againſt the Field, but Lord *Walpole*'s won. Lord *Portmore*'s came in third.

The firſt Meeting being over, ſeveral of the Nobility return'd Yeſterday to Town.

Laſt Friday a Robber on Horſeback attack'd a *Norway* Merchant and three *Norway* Captains in a Hackney Coach in *Lemon-ſtreet, Goodman's-Fields*; but the Gentlemen attempting to get out of the Coach to defend themſelves, the Villain fired a Piſtol againſt the Back of the Coach, and rode off. The Ball juſt ſtruck one of the Gentlemen, but being damp'd by the Stuffing in the Back of the Coach, did him no Damage.

A few Days ago ſix of his Majeſty's Horſe-Grenadiers ſally'd forth with a *Cuſtom-Houſe* Officer in the County of *Kent*, where they ſeiz'd 850 Weight of Tea, carried it triumphantly to an Alehouſe, and ſat carouſing there till three young Lads about 17 Years old came in with Broomſticks, beat the Grenadiers, took their Arms away from them, and carried off the Tea. The Grenadiers pray'd for their Arms again, which they civilly return'd.

On Saturday laſt Sir *Richard Brocas* committed to *Newgate* one *Biron*, a Lad of 15 Years of Age, on Suſpicion of robbing the Houſe of Sir *Fiſher Tench* in *Hatton-Garden*; he was apprehended at his Father's Houſe in *Spittlefields*, and (tho' a Youth) ſo reſolute, that one of the Perſons who apprehended him, received a Stab in the Thigh with a Hanger.

His Majeſty has been pleaſed to offer his moſt gracious Pardon to any one of the Criminals concern'd in wounding *Jaſper Hale*, of *Peckham* in *Surrey*, Eſq; (excepting the Perſon who gave the ſaid Wounds) upon his diſcovering his Accomplices, ſo as they may be apprehended and convicted thereof; and Mr. *Hale*, as a farther Encouragement, has offer'd a Reward of 100*l.* to be paid upon ſuch Diſcovery as aforeſaid.

Laſt Thurſday Night Mrs. *Pyecroft*, Wife of —— *Pyecroft*, Eſq; a noted Brewer in the *Minories*, returning from *Plaiſtow* in *Eſſex*, was attack'd by three Highwaymen near *Mile-End*, about Eight o'Clock, who clapping a Piſtol to her Breaſt and demanding her Money, ſhe pull'd out her Purſe in order to give them Part of what was in it, but they deſiring her not to trifle with them, ſhe deliver'd it; upon which they bid her not be afraid, that ſhe ſhould not be attack'd any more, and accompanied her a conſiderable Way, then bid her good Night.

Marriage. On Thurſday laſt *Richard Ward*, Eſq; a Gentleman belonging to the Law, was married to Miſs *Snabling*, Niece to Mr. *Rowland*, who died in *Gracechurch-ſtreet* in *February* laſt, and had 5000*l.* to her Fortune.

Death. A few Days ſince died at *Stafford*, Capt. *Malcomb*, Captain of a Troop in the Rt. Hon. the Lord *Mark Kerr*'s Regiment of Dragoons quarter'd at *Glouceſter*.

Bankrupt. George Haſelwood, jun. of *Walſal* in the County of *Stafford*, Chandler and Malſter.

TUESDAY, *April* 15.

His Highneſs the Prince of *Orange* will make another Campaign this Summer under Prince *Eugene*, and her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs intends to come over to *England*.

It was declar'd laſt Week at her Royal Highneſs's Court at the *Hague*, that ſhe was not with Child.

On Saturday Evening *Don Antonio Alvezedas*, the new *Portugal* Envoy, arrived here from *Falmouth*, and on Sunday he had his firſt private Audience of their Majeſties at St. *James*'s.

We hear that his Excellency hath brought with him near 200,000*l.* in Specie to buy Munitions of War; and other Things neceſſary for the Service of his Maſter.

Serjeants-Inn in *Fleet-ſtreet*, where the Judges uſed to reſide, having been ſhut up for ſome Time, is going to be fitted up in a very handſome Manner; Deputy *Naſh* having taken the ſame of the Dean and Chapter of *York*.

Yeſterday Morning arriv'd at the *Eaſt-India* Houſe, the Purſer of the *Prince Auguſtus*, Capt. *Goſtlin*, from *Madraſs*, who left the Ship ſafe off the *Iſle of Wight* on Sunday laſt. They parted Company two Days before, in a Gale of Wind, with the *Princeſs Louiſa*, Capt. *Pinnell*, from *Mocha*; *Mary*, Capt. *Holden*, late Capt. *Thompſon*, from *Bombay*; and the *Royal Guardian*, Capt. *Hoadley*, from *Bombay*, but laſt from *Madraſs*, which Place ſhe left in Company with the *Prince Auguſtus*, *Sept.* 6, where was arrived ſafe the *George*, Capt. *Pitt*; *Montague*, Capt. *Goſtfright*; *Drake*, Capt. *Pilley*; *Princeſs Royal*, Capt. *Blackwell*; *Duke of Dorſet*, Capt. *Gilbert*; *Ockham*, Capt. *Jobſon*; and the *Hartford*, Capt. *Bagwell*, all from *England*, and all well on board; they joined Company with the *Princeſs Louiſa* and *Mary*, at the *Cape*, where they left ten homeward *Dutch Eaſt-India* Men, who had been very ſickly, and had got moſt Laſcars on board them. They arrived at St. *Helena* the Beginning of *January*, and left it the 22d of the ſaid Month.

Our Letters from *Naples* ſpeak of a Piece of good Fortune which happened lately to a Peaſant at *Palmi*; *Don Carlos* being one Day a hunting, was catch'd in a terrible Storm, and forc'd to take Shelter in the firſt Cottage he came to; the Peaſant's Wife was in Labour when he enter'd the Houſe, but was deliver'd the Moment after of a Boy; his Royal Highneſs, pleas'd at the Accident, order'd the Child immediately to be chriſten'd, ſtood Godfather himſelf, and gave him his own Name. He made a Preſent of 50 Piſtoles to the Woman in the Straw, and 2000 Ducats to the Boy; he alſo order'd him a Penſion of 25 Ducats a Month till he comes to be ſeven Years old, and that he ſhould be then brought to Court for his Education.

Yeſterday *Herbert Haynes*, formerly a Barber in *Hog-Lane, Shoreditch*, one of the *Eſſex* Gang, for the apprehending of whom a Reward of 50*l.* was advertis'd in the *Gazette* of *February* laſt, was committed to *Newgate*, by Sir *Richard Brocas*. The Manner of apprehending him was as follows: He had eſcaped to *Holland*, and followed ſome Buſineſs there; but his Maſter's Wife and he carrying on an Intrigue, and ſhe deſiring he would come and fetch her, he came into the River accordingly, and ſent for her, and ſhe went down to him; but he never going on Shore, the Sailors and others were talking at *Graveſend* what a Paſſenger they had, and that ſuch a Woman had come down to him, *&c.* the Barber miſſing his Wife, and ſuſpecting the Intrigue, went down to *Graveſend* after her, and heard the above Diſcourſe; after talking with the Sailors about the Perſons they had on board, he declared they muſt be *Haynes* and his Wife; and going on board the Ship, found them to be ſo, and ſeized them. They were brought up in a *Graveſend* Boat, but nothing appear'd againſt the Woman, ſo ſhe was diſcharged; but ſhe declared ſhe could not ſurvive *Haynes*, but would be hanged with him; tho' 'tis thought ſhe will conſider better of it, before Execution Day.

Death. On Friday Se'nnight laſt died at *Fulham*, in the 94th Year of his Age, Mr. *Robert Lympany*, formerly a Barber-Surgeon: He was a Liveryman of the Stationers Company, and is ſaid to have died worth 800*l. per Annum*, which he acquir'd by his own Induſtry, having been one of the greateſt Dealers in *England* in moſt Sorts of Merchandize. He own'd a great Part of the Town of *Fulham*, and is much lamented by the Inhabitants, having been a generous Benefactor to the Place; and what is very remarkable, tho' he was ſo conſiderable a Trader for above 60 Years, he never was known to arreſt any Perſon; but if his Tenants pleaded Poverty would generouſly forgive their Arrears. About three Years ago he gave 100*l.* towards an Organ for *Fulham*

Church, and left an Annuity to the Organiſt for ever. He has left the Order of his Funeral to Mr. *Odell* of *Fulham*, who was his Apprentice, and to whom he has left a conſiderable Legacy. His Corpſe is to be interr'd at *Fulham* this Evening, and all the Pariſhioners, being upwards of 300, are by his Will invited to his Burial, to whom he has order'd Gloves; he has likewiſe order'd 150 Pound Weight of Biſcuits to be made up in Parcels, and diſtributed amongſt them, with this Motto, *Prepare to follow me*; alſo 40 Rings, to be given to his particular Acquaintance, with this Motto, *A true Friend's Gift*. An Anthem by the beſt Voices from *London* is to be ſung before the Corpſe in the Proceſſion. He was blind with Age ſome Years before he died, but retained his Memory to the laſt.

WEDNESDAY, *April* 16.

On Monday laſt *John Cooper*, well known by the Name of *Blind Cooper*, was married at St. *Bennet*'s Church near *Doctor's-Commons*, to Miſs *Agnes Jennings*, a young Gentlewoman about 26 Years of Age; who cry'd for Joy during the Time of the Ceremony.

The ſame Day Mr. *Wyat*, of *Ware* in *Hertfordſhire*, a noted Quaker, was baptiz'd at St. *Botolph*'s Church, *Aldersgate*; and Yeſterday was married at the ſame Church to Miſs *Proctor*, Daughter of a conſiderable Malſter at *Ware*, who the Day before ſtood Godmother to him at his Baptiſm.

By the Death of Lady *Eyles*, an Annuity of 300*l.* a Year reverts to her Son Sir *John Eyles*. Her Ladyſhip has left 15,000*l.* to be equally divided between Sir *John Eyles*, Sir *Joſeph Eyles*, Mrs. *Jefferys* of *Bedford-Row*, and Miſs *Eyles*, and all her Ladyſhip's Plate, Jewels, and Houſhold Furniture to Miſs *Eyles*. Sir *John* and Sir *Joſeph* are left Executors.

On Tueſday Morning between Four and Five o'Clock was found murder'd on the Bank by the Pond-Side, juſt over the Wooden-Bridge at the End of the Long-Field, going from *Southampton-Row* to *Kentiſh* Town, one Capt. *Ames*, who formerly belong'd to the Sea, and lodg'd at No. 38 in *Glouceſter-ſtreet*, not far from the Place where he was found; the Wound is very large, and was ſuppoſed to be done by a Plaiſterer's Hammer, an Axe, an Adze, or ſome large Iron Weapon, the Cavity being extremely wide, but Yeſterday the Surgeons open'd his Head and extracted two Balls: The Wound is on the Right Side of the Head, a little above the Ear towards the Forehead; he was dreſs'd in a Black Cloth Coat and Waiſtcoat, Black Flower'd Velvet Breeches, and Grey Silk Stockings, and his ruffled Shirt very clean; his Pockets were rifled of every Thing but a Letter directed to him; but his Silver-hilted Sword lay by him, and his Silver Buckles in his Shoes and at the Knees of his Breeches; how much he loſt is uncertain: He is about 46, and reſided ſince he quitted the Service at *Bourdeaux* in *France*, where he married a young Lady, whom he brought over about three Weeks ago; he parted with his Lady on Monday in the Afternoon about Four, at the End of *Ormond-ſtreet*, and ſhe never ſaw him after; but he was ſeen that Night at Eight in *Covent-Garden*, ſo had not been at *Hampſtead* as reported: He had lately purchaſed an Annuity of 200*l.* *per Ann.* for his Life, and had paid all the Purchaſe Money but 200*l.* which its ſuppoſed he had received in order to pay the Remainder, and ſo was dogg'd: There not appearing a large Quantity of Blood at the Place where he was found, it is believ'd he was kill'd in the firſt Field, and afterwards carried there, in order to be ſtript and flung into the Pond; for his Head lay on the Graſs of the Bank on the Pond-Side, within ſix Inches of the Edge.

Marriages. A few Days ago *William Warren*, Eſq; of *Trewern* in *Pembrokeſhire*, *South Wales*, was married to Miſs *Skirm* of *Lowaden* in the ſame County, a Lady of 2000*l.* *per Ann.*—— Mr. *Whitfield*, an eminent *Turky* Merchant, was on Thurſday laſt married to Miſs *Pit*, Daughter of Mr. *Pit*, one of the chief Officers of the *South-Sea* Houſe.——On Monday Mr. *John Boiſſier*, an eminent *Italian* Merchant, was married to the youngeſt Daughter of Mr. *Berchere*, of *Throgmorton-ſtreet*, a young Lady of 10,000*l.* Fortune.

Bankrupts. Charles Cook, of the City of *Norwich*, Diſtiller.——*Arthur Pearſon*, of *Elton*, in the County of *Huntingdon*, Wool-comber and Chapman.

THURSDAY, *April* 17.

A few Days ſince a very remarkable Accident happen'd at *Ponder's-End* near *Enfield*, *viz.* Mrs. *Hyde* of that Place had a Cow with Calf, which had waſted away by Degrees to a perfect Skeleton, notwithſtanding all poſſible Care, yet brought forth a fine Calf; after which they were oblig'd to kill the Cow; the Butcher who kill'd her open'd her, and in ſeparating the Gall Bladder from the Liver, a ſmall living Creature in the Shape of an Eff, its Body about two Inches long, with four ſhort Legs and a Tail, jump'd out of the Liver; at which the Butcher being very much ſurpriz'd, cut it in two, and ſo mangled it, that no better Deſcription can be given of it. Upon Examination they found it had lain under the Gall-Bladder, in a Cavity lin'd round with a fine Membrane.

We hear that the new *Portugueſe* Envoy has Orders to buy here 2000 Muskets and Bayonets.

Yeſterday the Seſſions began at the *Old Bailey*, when 32 Priſoners were tried, two of whom were capitally convicted, *viz.* *Daniel Stockman*, for ſtealing from the Perſon of *William Hawkins*, Eſq; a Silver-hilted Sword, Value 3*l.* and *Eſther Barrett*, for ſtealing out of the Shop of Mr. *Godfrey* a Card of Gold Rings; 17 were caſt for Tranſportation, and 11 acquitted.

Laſt Sunday Night Sir *Ceſar Child*, Bart. was attacked upon *Epping-Foreſt* by three Highwaymen, who fir'd at the Coachman without bidding him ſtand, and ſhot off the Tip of his Noſe; one of them then rode up to the Horſes Heads, and ſtopped them, while the others went to the Chariot Side, and demanded Sir *Ceſar*'s Money, which he gave them, which was about 25*l.* then the Highwaymen at the Horſes Heads called out, *Have you got his Money?* To which the others anſwered, *Yes*, then reply'd he, *Damn him, ſhoot him*, the others reply'd, *No, we won't*; during this Diſcourſe, Sir *Ceſar* jump'd out on the other Side of the Chariot, and ſtood on his Defence, tho' with nothing but his Cane, and told them, he wonder'd, after he had given all, they were not contented, and that he would not ſit ſtill and be murder'd; at the ſame Time his Coachman (for there was no Footman then behind) jump'd off his Box to his Maſter's Aſſiſtance, and bid them take Care to fire ſure, or they ſhould be up with them; upon which they order'd Sir *Ceſar* to get into the Chariot, and order'd the Coachman to drive on, and they went off.

Preferment. The Rev. Mr. *Curling*, Senior Fellow of *Clare-Hall*, *Cambridge*, ſucceeds the Rev. Dr. *Lovell*, deceas'd, as Rector of *Rotherhith*, worth 400*l.* *per Annum*.

Deaths. Yeſterday died, near *Salisbury-Court* in *Fleet-ſtreet*, Sir *Thomas Moore*, Bart.—The ſame Day died in the *Fleet* Priſon, *Francis Maneton*, of *Southill* in the County of *Cornwall*, Eſq; formerly poſſeſs'd of an Eſtate of 2000*l.* *per Annum*.

FRIDAY, *April* 18.

Yeſterday the Rev. Dr. *Pearſe*, Vicar of St. *Martin's in the Fields*, preach'd at St. *Sepulchres*, on Occaſion of the Anniverſary Meeting of the Children educated in all the Charity Schools within the Bills of Mortality.

All the Charity-Schools, except thoſe of St. *Margaret*, *Weſtminſter*, and at *Norton-Falgate*, have been ſet up ſince the Year 1697. The great Progreſs theſe charitable Inſtitutions have made within 38 Years is ſurprizing, there being at preſent 132 Schools; Boys in them 3158; Girls 1965; in all 5123. The Number of Children educated ſince their Beginning to 1734, is 21,399; of which 8678 have been put out Apprentices, and 7598 to Services, the reſt provided for by their Parents, *&c.* The other Charity-Schools in *England* are in Number 1329; the Boys educating therein 19,506, Girls 3915. The Schools in *Scotland* are 109; the Boys 3009, Girls 1047. The Schools in *Ireland* 168; Boys 2406, Girls 600. Total in *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*; Schools 1738, Children educating 35,606.

Yeſterday 21 Priſoners were tried at the *Old Bailey*, two whereof were capitally convicted, viz. *Eliz. Grinley*, for robbing *Roger Brown* of a Guinea, three Half Guineas, and Half a Crown, near *Old Bethlem*; and *Thomas Symonds* for aſſaulting and robbing *John Steygold* of a Watch, Value 6*l.* Eleven were caſt for Tranſportation, and eight acquitted.

The two *Buckleys* (Brothers) were try'd on the Information of young *Buckley*, the little Boy, for robbing Mr. *Clark*, the Paſtry-Cook, in *Little Turnſtile*, *Holborn*, and acquitted; but we hear they are to be tried again this Day for another Burglary on his Information.

On Monday laſt a poor Woman who liv'd at *Kenſington Gravel-Pits*, went into a Field near that Place to gather ſome young Turnips to boil for her Family, but was ſurpriz'd by the Owner, a Farmer near *Brumpton*, who beat her in ſo violent a Manner, that ſhe died of the Bruiſes, and the Coroner's Jury having ſate upon the Corpſe, brought in their Verdict *Wilful Murder*; upon which the Farmer is gone off.

Laſt Tueſday about Eight o'Clock at Night, Mr. *Bennet*, a Dealer in Coals, returning from *Iſlington*, where he had been to receive ſome Money, was attacked between *New Tunbridge-Wells* and the *Spaw*, by three Foot-pads, who led him up the Path that goes to the *New River-Head*, then ſtopp'd his Mouth with a Handkerchief, and took from him a Bank Note of 30*l.* and 10*l.* in Caſh: Then one of them ſaid he'd give him his Bleſſing, and knock'd him down, another pull'd out a Knife, and ſwore he'd murder him, but the third deſir'd they'd not murder him, becauſe he knew him; then the firſt gave him his Bleſſing again, and left him ſtunn'd on the Ground, where he lay ſome Time, before he was able to recover himſelf. One of them ſaid he knew he wore a Watch, and ask'd for it; but he had luckily given it to be mended.

Gregory who robb'd Farmer *Lawrence* at *Edgware*, and raviſh'd the Maid, is become a mere Raw-head-and-Bloody-Bones, and is every where: One Paper ſays, an Expreſs is arrived with Advice, that he is in *Ivelcheſter* Gaol in *Somerſetſhire*; another that he's in *Wincheſter* Gaol; others committed him to *Newgate* ſome Time ago; and others that he ſtill robs on *Epping-Foreſt*. In ſhort, its as difficult to tell where he is, as who'll be Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, when the preſent dies.

Yeſterday it was declared at Court, that it was uncertain whether his Majeſty will make the Tour of *Hanover* this Summer or not.

Marriage. Yeſterday *John Egerton*, of *New Tatton* in *Cheſhire*, Eſq; was married to Miſs *Ward*, Daughter of *John Ward*, Eſq; (the great Conveyancer) a Lady of 15,000*l.* Fortune.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LETTERS from *Marienbourg* of the 13th Inſtant bring Advice, that Count *Tarlo* march'd with his Army as far as the Frontiers of *Hungary*, where he gave the Command of it proviſionally to his Couſin the Palatine of *Lubeski:* After which he privately left the Camp, accompanied by ſeveral Caſtellans, Staroſts, and other *Poliſh* Lords, to wait on King *Staniſlaus* at *Koningsberg*. They paſs'd by the *Ruſſian* and *Saxon* Troops undiſcover'd, and the 10th arriv'd at the Coaſt of *Pomeria*, where they embark'd the ſame Day on board two Ships bound for *Koningsberg*. In their Paſſage a violent Storm ſeparated the two Veſſels, and we have no further Account of them than that we learn from ſome Fiſhermen, who aſſure us that they met with them about the Height of *Nuden* on the Coaſt of *Pruſſia*.

All our Letters from *Italy* ſay, that Count *Konigsegg* reſolves to keep on the Defenſive this Year, the Allies being ſo vaſtly ſuperior to him in Number.

They write from *Madrid*, that his *Catholick* Majeſty, beſides the 40,000 Men already ſent to the Frontiers of *Portugal*, has order'd a new Levy of Troops with all Expedition, and 36 Men of War of the Line to be immediately fitted out.

'Tis written from *Parma* of the 3d Inſtant, that on the 30th of *March*, 30 Huſſars paſſed the *Po*, between *Caſel-Maggior* and *Sacca*, who no ſooner got on Shoar, but they ſurprized a Poſt of 20 Men of the Regiment of Foot of *Orleans*, commanded by a Lieutenant, in a Caſſine. They immediately killed a Peaſant that ſerved as an advanced Centinel; but before they forced the Caſſine, the Officer, who was before the Houſe, receiv'd three Wounds of a Sabre; and the *French* Soldiers, who did not expect ſuch a Viſit, were hew'd and hack'd to Pieces, without any Quarter; and the Huſſars, having done all the Miſchief they could, repaſſed the *Po* without Oppoſition.

Letters from *France* bring a Confirmation of the Submiſſion of the *Moors* of the Kingdom of *Beniamer* near *Oran* to the King of *Spain*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

On Tuesday next will be publiſh'd,
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A NEW GENERAL ENGLISH DICTIONARY; peculiarly calculated for the Uſe and Improvement of ſuch as are unacquainted with the learned Languages: Wherein the difficult Words and Technical Terms made Uſe of in

ANATOMY,	GRAMMAR,	MATHEMATICKS,
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Are not only fully explain'd, but accented on their proper Syllables, to prevent a vicious Pronunciation; and mark'd with initial Capitals, to denote the Part of Speech to which each Word peculiarly belongs.

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A Compendious Engliſh Grammar, with general Rules for the ready Formation of one Part of Speech from another; by a due Application whereof, ſuch as underſtand the Engliſh only, may be able to write as correctly and elegantly, as thoſe who have been ſome Years converſant with the Latin, Greek, &c.

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A Supplement of the proper Names of the moſt noted Kingdoms, Provinces, Towns, Rivers, &c. throughout the known World: As alſo of the moſt celebrated Emperors, Kings, Queens, Prieſts, Poets, Philoſophers, Generals, &c. whether Jewiſh, Pagan, Mahometan, or Chriſtian; but more eſpecially ſuch as are mentioned either in the Old or New Teſtament.

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March 16, 1734.

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This Day is Publiſh'd,
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A brief Anſwer to the moſt material OBJECTIONS in their late PLEA againſt PATRONAGES.

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The LONDON MAGAZINE:
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For MARCH, 1735.

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II. Political Subjects, viz. Remarks on the Senſe of an Engliſhman, &c. on the Free Briton about controverted Elections; on the Dedication of the Diſſertation on Parties; Navigation, and playing the Fool at Sea; Fable of the faithful Dog, with Obſervations; Courtly Grub's Letter about our Domeſtick Affairs; Luxury and Corruption; Acts of Indemnity; Tamerlane's Character and Conduct; Upſtarts; Cruft-Hunters; Mock-Patriots; Catiline's Character, &c.

III. Dedication of the Diſſertation on Parties to Sir Robert Walpole.

IV. Abſtracts of Sermons againſt Popery, viz. of the Veneration of Saints and Images; of Penance and Pilgrimages; of Worſhip in an unknown Tongue.

V. Poetry: A Marriage Song; the conſtant Admirer; a Hymn to Love; to Maria, a Song; to Miſs Waller; on the Author of the Eſſay on Reaſon; Verſes by Mr. Savage on Mr. Foſter; on a ſtormy Day; the Horſe; the Hermit; the Mulberry; Greece; Tragedy; Foot-Ball; Skating; the Plague; Ode on her Majeſty's Birth-Day, &c. &c.

VI. Domeſtick Occurrences: Promotions Eccleſiaſtical, Civil and Military; Marriages and Births; Deaths; Bankrupts: A remarkable Epitaph, &c.

VII. Prices of Goods, Grain, Stocks; Monthly Bill of Mortality.

VIII. Foreign Affairs.

IX. A Table of Contents.

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The SECOND EDITION *of*
(Dedicated to the Right Honourable the Earl of BURLINGTON)

A CRITICAL REVIEW of the Publick BUILDINGS, STATUES, and ORNAMENTS in, and about *LONDON* and *WESTMINSTER*.

To which is prefixed,

The Dimenſions of St. Peter's Church at Rome, and St. Paul's Cathedral at London.

As likewiſe,

A PREFACE, being an ESSAY on TASTE.

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A SERMON preached in the Pariſh-Church of St. Botolph Aldgate, in the City of London, on Sunday the 30th of November, 1729, occaſioned by the erecting of a Play-houſe in the Neighbourhood. Publiſhed at the Requeſt of ſeveral of the Auditors.

By ARTHUR BEDFORD, *M. A.*
Chaplain to the Worſhipful the Haberdaſhers Hoſpital at Hoxton, and Preacher of the Afternoon Sermons on Sundays at St. Botolph Aldgate.

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By a Countryman, and Lover of Truth.

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2. Obſervations on Mr. Smith, Dr. Wright, Dr. Harris, and Dr. Hughes; but more particularly on the Supplement of Mr. Chandler's Sermon. Price 4d.

3. GLAD TIDINGS for the ELECT of GOD, of two glorious Cities that are to be on Earth. The firſt is the City of the Son of God, which Chriſt will build upon the Earth that now is, in which City he will ſit upon his Throne, and his Saints with him, and reign a thouſand Years before the End of the World. The other City is the New Jeruſalem, the City of God the Father; which is to deſcend from out of Heaven, and come down upon the New Earth: And there will God dwell with his Son, and his People, and they ſhall reign for ever and ever. Theſe Sayings are faithful and true.

Glorious Things are ſpoken of thee, O City of God. *Selah.* Pſal. lxxxvii. 3.

Who among you will give Ear to this? Who will hearken and hear for the Time to come? Iſa. xlii. 23.

Copied out of the Holy Scriptures, that God may be glorified, and his glorious Goſpel Promiſes known amongſt them that love God and his Word. By RICHARD ELMER, of Hampton-Wick, Middleſex.

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Old 4*l* to 4*l*	10		*S.S.* 82 ⅛	M. 151 } In all 300			
New 5*l* to 6*l*	10		*Annu.* 107 ¼	F. 149 }			
Coals	24	26	*Bank* 140 ¼	DIED			
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Tares	20	21	*L. ditt* 12 ⅝		40	50	38
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